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The LONE RANGER

Home-Coming

KECK SUREY
WAGONS HEAD
WEST TOWARD
MORNING GLORY!

YES, TONTO, THEY MUST BE DRIVING TO
THE NEW HOMESTEAD LANDS THE
GOVERNMENT OPENED. THEIR ROUTE
IS SAFE---THERE HAS BEEN NO
INDIAN TROUBLE FOR OVER A YEAR!



LOOK! BIG
EAGLE KEEP
PEACE!

HEY'S A NICE CHIEFTAIN---WE'LL RIDE
BACK TO THE WOODS AND MAKE
CAMP NOW, TONTO! COME ON, JIMMY!



KECK SUREY
---LOOK!



THOSE BRUDES ARE IN REAL
PAINT! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN
THE WAGON TRAIN, TOO!



I HOPE THESE
SHOTS WILL
KEEP THE
SETTLERS IN
TUNE!

LOOK! BUT IF WAGONS
ESCAPE---UH, DEARES
TAKEN ON US!



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THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 65, September 1952. Published monthly by Fox Publishing Co., Inc., 155 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y. (George F. Delacorte Jr., President; Bruce Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President). Entered as second-class matter November 13, 1946 (Post Office at New York, N.Y., under 1st Act of March 3, 1879). Subscriptions in U.S.A., \$1.00 per year, single copies, 20 cents. Foreign subscriptions, \$4.00 per year. Published semi-monthly \$2.00 per copy. Post Office Inspection Number 65 West 34th Street, New York 1, N.Y. Copyright, 1952, by The Lone Ranger, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. Shipment and postage by Western Publishing & Lithographing Co.

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LATER, AS TONY FILLS THE CANTERO...













YOUR REQUEST
SEEMS URGENT!
WASSE DO WE
GO, TONTOT?

MY ADDED COMPANION WENT FOR
US IN THE WOODS, MASHALLI! HE
WISHES TO SPEAK WITH YOU THERE!



*SOON AFTER, THE LONG RANGER TELLS
MASHALLI OF THE RETURNED SOLDIERS...*

THE TWELVE FIGHTING MEN IN
MORGAN'S GAP HAVE GOOD
GUNS, MASHALLI! TELL THE
YOUNG MEN THEY WILL ONLY
MEET WITH DEATH AND
DISGRACE IF THEY BREAK
THE PEACE!

EAGLE AND TWENTY
YOUNG BRAVES
WANT BATTLE TO
WIN WAR FEATHERS!
IF THEY NOT ATTACK
MORGAN'S GAP,
THEY AT THE OTHER
PLACE!



NO MATTER WHERE THEY ATTACK, THE ARMY WILL BE
CALLED IN! BOW AND ARROWS HAVE LITTLE CHANCE
AGAINST RIFLES! MORGAN THE CERTAINLY OF DEATH
WOULD KEEP EAGLE
FROM FIGHTING!

EAGLE NOT WORRYING OF
DEATH! HESE GOOD MEN
LEARN IT!



WHEN YOU INTEND
TO DO NOTHING
TO DISCOURAGE
HIS PLANS?

THEY NOT LISTEN TO OLD
MEDICINE MAN! BUT YOU SAY
HOW CAN DEFEND MORGAN'S GAP?
LET INDIANS GO, MAKE FIGHT AND
LEARN BY PAIN OF WOUND AND
LOSS! LOSS OF DEATH! THAT PEACE
IS BETTER THAN WAR! MASHALLI
HAS BROKEN!







LIES!

NEED SURVEY TO
NOT FIND SOLDIERS
IN TOWN THERE
PLenty TROUBLE!
ALL BRING THE
WOMAN!

THEY KNOW WHO YOU
KNOW OF AN ATTACK
---FEARED! I-YOU'RE
MASKED!



I ASK BUT WE HAVEN'T TIME
FOR EXPLANATIONS!--YOU
MUST BE AN ADDRESSIVE
HEARD OF YOU (WHERE
ARE THE SOLDIERS?

THEY LEFT TOWN
THIS MORNING ON
A HORSE HUNT!
THEY RODE TO
THE VALLEY WEST
OF HERE! BUT THAT
MAYBE---



---PLEASE LISTEN
TO ME (NAME) ARE
PLANNING TO ATTACK
JOSSELYN'S CAMP!
SPREAD THE WORD
SO THE MEN WILL
BE READY!

WHAT MEN? SAYS ALIVE THERE
ARE ONLY A FEW SOLDIERS LEFT IN TOWN SINCE THE WILLYS
ALL OUR GOOD MEN WERE
COLLECTED YEARS AGO AND SENT
TO GENERAL LEE (WE'VE ONLY GOT
ST-CLUNG AND DARTOUNS LEFT!



DO WHAT YOU CAN'T
TRY TO BRING THE
TWELVE SOLDIERS
BACK IN TIME!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, BUT OF TELLING YOU,
THOSE YOUNG SOLDIERS ARE
JAIL AT EVERYONE IN TOWN!
NO ARGUMENT WILL
BRING YOU BACK!



WE MAY NOT TAKE THE
TIME TO ARGUE (COME
ON, TONTO!

THE WOMAN
YOU THEY'LL
NEVER RETURN!



IF THEY DON'T RETURN WITH
THEIR BUNS, JOSSELYN'S CAMP
WILL BE BURNED OUT!







THEY FOLLOW,
KIND SILENT!

KEEP THE HORSES MOVING,
TOMTO! WE MUST STAY JUST
OUT OF RANGE UNTIL WE REACH
HORSEMAN'S BAR!



SANDY, T-EE-EE!
OUTA RANGE!

THEY'LL NOT BE FOR
LONG—THOSE HORSES
WILL BLOW 'EM DOWN
AND WHEN THEY DO,
WE'LL STOP THOSE
HORSE-THIEVES
FOR GOOD!



Draw...

THE BRANTS ARE
READY, EAGLE!

LET THE ATTACK BEGIN
WHEN SANDY'S ARROW
STRIKES!



NO ONE MOVING IN
TOWN YET, EAGLE!

HERE WILL, BEFORE
MORE WHEN OUR
RAID ENDS!

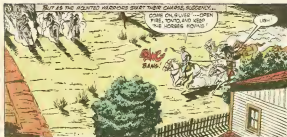


CRASH!





LEAD, BARLO! WE WILL FOLLOW!





AT A SIGNAL FROM EARLE, THE DEFEATED BRANES
PUT DOWN THEIR WEAPONS...

COLLECT THEIR WEAPONS
AND LET THE WOUNDED BE
TREATED AT ONCE!

READY! THERE THE
HORSEBOY WHO STOLE
OUR HORSES WITH
THE INDIAN—THAT
WANKED MAN!



REACH,
FISTER!

LOWER YOUR RIFLE, TONTO, AND I
WILL RAN OFF YOUR HORSES TO
BRING YOU HERE IN TIME TO
SAVE MORGAN'S GUN!



YOU SURE LED US
A HEAVY CHASE!

WITHOUT THAT CHASE, WE'D
NEVER HAVE COME BACK
HERE! BUT WHEN WE SAW
THE DOGS AGAINST THE
COWBOYS—WELL, WE
RUSHED IN!



WHEN YOU RETURNED
HORSE, YOU WERE PART
OF A BRIBE, BUT
DEFEATED AGAIN! NOW
YOU ARE VICTORIOUS!

DID-HEE! IT
SOUNDING
DON'T YOU
SETTLE DOWN PLEASE
WORK TO BE
DOING!

I FIXED
SOME
HANDS
ON MY
BAND!



WE WOUND HIS COME,
MEN! THE GRUNT! ...
BUT WHAT'LL WE DO
WITH THESE REMAINS!

TWO BRANES DECIDEDLY WOUNDED!
NOW EARLE KNOWS THESE TALKS OF
WAR! LET EARLE RETURN TO HIS
PEOPLE AND THERE BE PEACE
BETWEEN US AGAIN!



RANDY, WE'RE LUCKY
YOU CAME BACK IN
TIME TO SAVE US!
IF ANYONE COULD WE
BROUGHT YOU BACK,
IT WOULD BE—THE
LONG RANGER!

HE-YO, SILENT!
AWAY!



The LONE RANGER

The Sheriff's Son

BEING DAMN, YOU
THINK WE REACH BIG
ROCK BEFORE
JIMMY LAKES?

NO, TONYO, BUT WHEN HE ARRIVES
WITH THE GOVERNOR'S MASON CLEAR-
ING HIM OF THE ROBBERY OF WHICH
HE WAS FAULTILY ACCUSED, THE
SHERIFF OF BIG ROCK WILL
CERTAINLY BE WORTHY—MY
MUTTIE FATHER!

IT SAVES PATT LANE
LEAVE PRISON BEFORE
OUTLAW CONFESS ON
DEATHED HIS
MURDERER!

THE MEN HANDED IN THE CONFESSOR
THE GOVERNOR FORWARDED WITH US
ARE BROTHING CHINESE, GAY HEARD—
BOTH WANTED CHINESE—AND A
PERRY WEST/WE DON'T KNOW TO
BE A ROCK AND MAY STILL LIVE IN
BIG ROCK/WE'LL BE THERE SOON!
—GOME DRIFTER!

MARYVILLE, NEAT AND ROCK...

HERE COMES
THE PAY ROLL
ROCK, ROCK!

UP WITH YOUR KIP-
CHIEF, BROTHING, AND
GET READY TO GO
THAT PAY ROLL ROCK
FOR US WITH LEAD!

THERE'S A SHOTGUN
GUARD RICH WITH THE
DRIVER, GAY!

YOU COVER HIM/ELL TAKE
THE DRIVER!—CHIEF!

REIN
IN!

OH, HOOTS, THANK!—
GUN 'EM DOWN!

BANG!







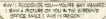


















TAKE HIM, SILVER!



Suddenly THE GREAT WHITE SALLON BOOTS...

HELL-YES!



DOWN! DOWN! YOU FOOL CRITTER!

PROHIBIT, I CAN'T COVER YOU 'MY GUN HAND'S USELESS!



WELL, HELL! JUMP TO THE GROUND!



DROOP YOUR BUNT!



I'LL PLUG THAT KID FIRST--

---I SAID DROOP IT!





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Big Tom Weller's eyes squinted anxiously, gazing across the dry folds of the desert east of the Pecos. He was looking for signs of water. Water for the five hundred thirty longhorn cattle that wore his brand, and trailed ten miles behind him! Water that would keep them going till they were out of danger!

On Tom Weller's broad shoulders rested the welfare of his four sons, back with the herd, and his plucky, uncompaining daughter-in-law who drove the chuckwagon. If their cattle died of thirst they would all be ruined. Their hopes of a homestead on Montana's good, green grass would be gone!

Noting the dip of a little gulch ahead of him, Tom gipped his weary horse. There MIGHT be water there. . . .

The gulch made a bend, around a sharp, rocky corner. Beyond that bend there COULD be a spring, or a seep! Tom rode around it—and pulled up short, his hand darting to his holstered pistol. In the shade of the rock lay, not a spring, but three half-naked Indians. One of them reached feebly for his bow. They were all wounded—all at the end of their strength—all dying of thirst.

Big Tom Weller's hand dropped his pistol back into the holster—and reached for his water bottle. It was still almost full. Dismounting slowly, he knelt beside the tallest

Indian—the one who had reached for his bow. Tom's big, strong hand went behind the Navajo's head, raised him to drink from the bottle. The man took three sips and pushed it away.

"That took self-control!" Tom muttered, as he turned to the next man.

When he had finished bandaging the worst hurts of the three Navajos, his water bottle was empty. From a saddle pocket, he pulled a biscuit and a strip of dried beef and handed it to the tall Navajo.

"Why you . . . do . . . this, white man?" the Indian asked, meeting Tom's eyes.

"A long time ago," the Texan answered, "a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. They wounded him and left him half dead. But a stranger came along and helped him, so that he lived. My God tells me to do the same, Navajo! You savvy? Tomorrow I will come back, with more food and water."

The Indian did not reply, but his dark eyes followed Tom Weller out of sight.

When the bowling, thirsty longhorns reached the neighborhood, next day, the three Navajos were still there—and still too weak to travel. So, Tom had his boys cut out a young heifer and butcher her for them. The tall Indian's name, he learned, was Hosteen Nezh. Evidently the three were sur-

vivors of a war party that had lost a fight. Tom asked about the chances of feed and water farther on, but got no encouragement. He left three horses and three bottles of water with the Navajos, and drove on, westward.

At best, he might reach the Pecos River with some of his cattle. At worst, their bones would whiten the desert sand.

The second day after leaving the Navajos, Tom Weller's cows were beginning to drop with thirst.

As he gave the word to camp for the night, he caught sight of three strange riders. They were Hosteen Nezhi and his men. The tall Indian rode straight to Big Tom Weller.

"I show you grass—water!" he said, using the white-man words with difficulty. "Three miles—back in hills—where Navajo keep sheep! When moon come up—bring cows—I show!"

Ten days later, Big Tom Weller drove a strong, lively herd of longhorns northward from the hidden valley. He left some good feed behind him—for the sheep of Hosteen Nezhi and his people. He had not seen an Indian since the moonlit night when the tall Chief had showed him the place. But he sensed that he and his family were still being watched by unseen friends in the desert hills.

Hosteen Nezhi had said that more grass and water lay within reach, to the north—



not much, but enough to see them through. Big Tom Weller, heading northward again, was beginning to feel that his troubles were over. And then—

Trouble struck! Five bearded, hardcase riders came up to the Weller's campfire as they were eating supper. Only Tom, and his son, Harvey, and Harvey's wife were eating. The others were holding the herd.

The biggest of the newcomers went right to the point. He had noticed how fresh Tom's cattle were. His own were starved for feed and water. He demanded to know where Tom's longhorns had found it.

Big Tom Weller shook his head. He couldn't send strangers to use up what remained of Hosteen Nezhi's pasture. He said, "No!" and looked up into the muzzles of five guns.

"You tell—or we'll plant you right here, and take YOUR cows!" the bearded leader said. And it was clear that he meant it. But Tom Weller quietly bowed his head. "No!" he said again—and sensed the tightening of trigger fingers!

Suddenly bowstrings twanged in the darkness beyond the fire. Three of the would-be killers clutched at their chests, and toppled dead from their saddles. The other two whirled their mounts and fled into the night.

Slowly Tom Weller rose to his feet.

"Three of them!" he muttered in wonder. "Hosteen Nezhi's payment—a life for a life!"



YOUNG HAWK





WITHOUT WARNING THE GROUND
DROPS OUT FROM UNDER THEM



EIGHT FEET BELOW, THEY LAND UNHURT IN THE
DRIFTED SNOW "COSSICE" THAT BROKE FROM A
LEDGE OF ROCK THAT THEY DID NOT SEE





THERE IS ENOUGH ORY
WOOD IN THIS DEAD TREE
TO KEEP US WARM FOR
GAYS!

WE'RE GOING
TO NEED IT,
YOUNG HAWK!

THIS S-BLIZZARD IS
GOING TO LAST A
WEEK, I GUESS!

SEE THE FLAMES CLIMB UP
THE WOOD, LITTLE BUG?
THERE IS ALMOST NO
WIND IN HERE!

THERE'S
NOTHING BUT
WIND--

-- IN MY STOMACH!
CAN'T WE EAT PRETTY
SOON, YOUNG HAWK?

I'LL HAVE SOME BEAVER
ROAST FOR YOU IN A FEW
MINUTES! PUT ANOTHER
STICK OF WOOD ON THAT
FIRE, LITTLE BUG!

GOOD? I'M
GETTING
WARM
NOW!

SAV! THIS IS THE
BEST ROAST BEAVER
I EVER ATE! I DON'T WASTE
IT ON THAT BIRD!





--- HE CREEPS UP TO TUMBLEWEED, WITH OPEN BEAK AND WICKED INTENT!



WITH A FRANTIC SOUND, TUMBLEWEED HEADS FOR THE SNOWBANK THAT FORMS THE END WALL OF THE LEAN-TO ---



--- AND PLUNGES INTO IT, FULL LENGTH



ROCKING WITH LAUGHTER, THE TWO BOYS SEE LITTLE BROTHER STRUTTING TOWARD THEM --- AND TUMBLEWEED'S TAIL, PRACTICALLY WAVING.









A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE MUFFS ARE DONE---

THEY ARE FINE, NEEKOOTAH!
NOW WE MUST HUNT ANOTHER
WOLF SKIN FOR MUFFS
FOR YOU!



NEEKOOTAH IS GOING TO MAKE
ME MUFFS FROM THESE BEAVER
SKINS--AND THEY WILL BE STILL
WARMER THAN YOURS, YOUNG
HAWK! AND I AM GOING OUT
TO HUNT WITH YOU!

WHEN
THE SNOW
IS OVER
YOUR
HEAD,
AKIMOP



LONG AGO...AND FAR AWAY
...TOWARD THE LAND OF
THE RISING SUN...

BUT NOT ALL THE DAYS ARE HUNTING DAYS! FOR A WEEK AT A
TIME THE WINTER SNOWS KEEP YOUNG HAWK'S FAMILY INDOORS
--- AND YOUNG HAWK TELLS THEM IN SONG, THE LONG TALE
OF HIS TRAVELS WITH LITTLE BUCK

WHEN WE PADDED DOWN
THE GREAT RIVER... THE WIDE
RIVER--- YOW!---

SHINE!



---UNTIL LITTLE BROTHER BECOMES
JEALOUS AND TWEAKS THE SINGER'S
EAR FOR ATTENTION!

YAH-HEEE!
DODGE HIM,
LITTLE
BROTHER!

NO,
NO,
NO!



THEN EVERYBODY LAUGHS---AND THE LIGHT THROUGH
THE SMOKE HOLE SEEMS BRIGHTER --- AND SPRINGS
NOT SO FAR AWAY!

Indian Calumets



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Western Printing & Litho. Co.

Among various Indian tribes the calumet (peace pipe) ceremony was a part of every treaty, whether between Indian tribes, or Indians and whites. Also, any brave who carried a calumet was accepted as a friend by the various tribes he traveled among.



Most calumets were elaborately decorated, but not heavy. However, some stone pipes, carved in the effigies of men, birds and animals (note wolf bowl above), were 10 inches high, 18 inches long, and weighed between 15 and 18 pounds!



The great feathered calumets of the Crow Indians (above), with polished bowls and long stems decorated with painted leathers, fur, beadwork and horse-tail plumes, were examples of the importance the Indians attached to their ceremonial pipes.



Most white men connect "smoking the peace pipe" with "burying the tomahawk," but among some tribes the "peace pipe" is a replica of the tomahawk, as shown by the Menominee Indian tomahawk pipe above. The crossed calumets are more common pipe designs.

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"C'mon, SPARK UP!"

Said Stan Musial,
of the St. Louis Cardinals



"I COULDN'T HIT
WELL ENOUGH
TO MAKE MY
SCHOOL TEAM
UNTIL STAN
MUSIAL SHOWED
ME HOW TO
SPARK!"

Get this spark up! Look for different champion pictures in other Dell Comics.



THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL
OF WHEAT IN EVERY
WHEATIES FLAKE

- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
- ★ WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD

SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!

**Digital
Comic
Preservation**

**Another
pointless
scan by
Kritter**

**You got a friggin' Problem
with me?!?
Yeah, I didn't think so.**

**If you like it,
then buy it!
Don't make me
come looking
for you!**

